

The Stealer Part 4 Installment 2 Episode 1

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Summary: The Stealer attempts to grow closer to his new partner, The Returner, but something goes awry.

The Stealer Part 4 Installment 2 Episode 1

Wake up, Stealer...

Huh?

Wake up.

Huh?

Wake up, it's time to get going.

Huh?

Okay seriously, wake up.

Huh?

Jesus Christ, stop! Just wake up!

No fuck you.

God you're such a dick. Fine I hope you never wake up.

Oh come on dude get over yourself.

This is my night fucking off and this isn't how I want to spend it. So if you don't wake up soon I'm leaving, screw you.

Oh boo-hoo dude I never have nights off.

Well what the hell is your job?

I worked at a Burger King when I was fifteen.

Yeah and how old were you?

I just said, I was fifteen!

Yeah well how old are you now?

I'm 32.

And do you have a job?

Get fucked!

Do you have a goddamn job?

Well no but at least I can get laid.

Alright dude screw you, I'm going home.

Yeah you better, pussy.

Oh hell no you better take that back.

No!

Do you want to fight?

No!

Oh, oh, I'M the pussy? Me?

Don't you have somewhere to be?

As a matter of fact I have to pick up my daughter from school.

Oh sorry dude you better get going.

Alright, see ya. It was nice talking with you.

We should hang out sometime, maybe grab a couple beers?

Yeah dude that sounds cool. Catch you around.

I woke up in a cold sweat, and I don't know why. Was I worried? Was I gay? Was I worried that I was gay? No, that happened in The Stealer: Remember My Name. And this is The Stealer Part 4 Installment 2 fuckin Episode 1. I got up from bed and saw the girl. One of her boobs is bigger than the other. I left the abandoned apartment we've been using for shelter. Wait it's not really abandoned if we're living in it, right? Yeah I guess not.

It was another bustling morning in New York Shittyalkshd shs skj let go of the keyboard Arina;hklsdgaslstop! ;laksdfhgjasjksajldkga;h Mom! al;kshghiul34iu333rbgbajahf;sjdf STOP IT! ashgdlkjaskl jasdk j LKbnbn ;adslj ;kdshie ouch! Arin stop! ;as STOa;l! Let go! hafklih skkkkkkkasdhg nds k ls ldk

Alright guys sorry about that. It was another bustling morning in New York City, the clouds were white and puffy and the sky was red with

the burning ashes of the dead. It was a pretty beautiful
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sorry. I went up to a street vendor and asked her for two breakfast
tacos.

"How many?" She asked.

"Two," I retorted. "I already told you that sweetheart why don't you
do your job?" She nodded and looked down at the tortillas and other
fixings.

"Okay, so, two tacos... One taco has 3 slices of beef... Uh... and 2
scoops of eggs. Oh do you want them made in any special way?"

"Yeah, with dickcheese and ice cream. No, just hurry up will ya?" She
nodded and looked down at the tortillas and other fixings.

"OKay, so, Manuel!"

"Si?"

"Necesitamos queso de dick!"

"Dios mio no tengo queso de dick!"

"QUE!? QUE!? AY MANUEL TENEMOS UN HOMBRE Y QUIERE QUESO DE
DICK!"

"Okay okay si si!"

Manuel excused himself to the bathroom and came out with a handful of
a yellowish-gray substance and slapped it onto the taco.

"No I don't want that!" I exclaimed.

"you said you wanted dick cheese sir."

"I was being sarcastic!" She nodded and looked at the tortillas and
other fixings.

2 days passed before I got my tacos. Manuel was found dead with a
knife through his throat and the lady who served me died a slow and
instant death of cholera. She died happily, chanting "Cholera! I've
got cholera!". I returned to the girl and gave her her taco. She said
thank you and that she was starving. I stuck my dick in her ear, as
it's the universal sign of saying "you're welcome". She downed that
taco like a she would a bucket of semen, or even better, a bucket of
ejaculate.

And out of nowhere, an explosion so large it slightly damaged my
taco. I was knocked onto my ass, a donkey I got from Manuel's stand.
Through the dust I saw the figure of a man.

"Who are you?" I asked, scraping together the remains of my
crocheting that I've been occupying myself with.

"What's it to you?" the figure said.

" You just blew up my apartment and nearly killed me."

"I am Bick Narker, commander of the secret organization known as Mushroombread. I've been looking for you for a kind of long time."

Oh shit. My taco is getting cold. How am I gonna steal myself out of l;ahksdg oierhg adsjkha 4htoig ds'fljsdahl gs dgkjlh s'aldk;lkasdhf skl;h gsdgh. Goddamn it Arin.

End
file.